



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

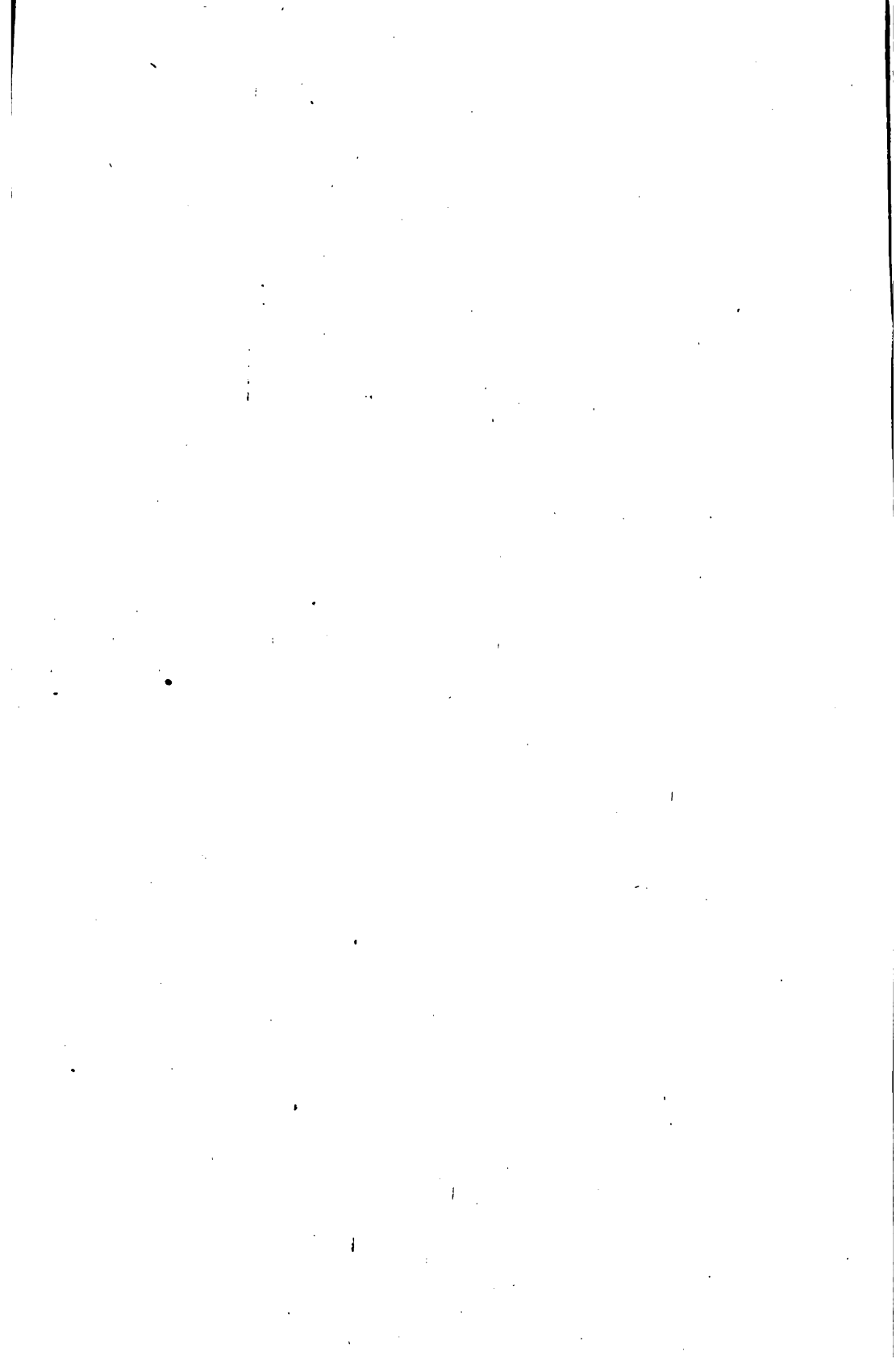
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

3 2044 038 419 867







Y91

Bachelor
=

יהוה

INSTITVTIO THEOLOGICA

ANDOVER FVNDATA MDCCCXII

Gift
of
Hamilton A. Hill Esq.





5 Commonwealth Avenue

April 24th

My Dear W. A. H.

You may like to
look over - during a
leisure half hour -
an old time Diary
which I have just
had printed. So
be the favor to

DIARY

OF A VISIT TO

NEWPORT, NEW YORK, AND PHILADELPHIA

DURING THE SUMMER OF 1815,

BY

TIMOTHY BIGELOW.

Edited by a Grandson.

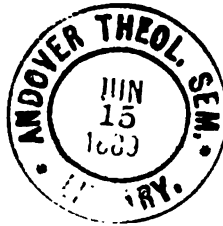
"Scripta ferunt annos."—OVID.

B O S T O N :

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION.

1880.

UNIVERSITY PRESS :
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE.



NOTE.

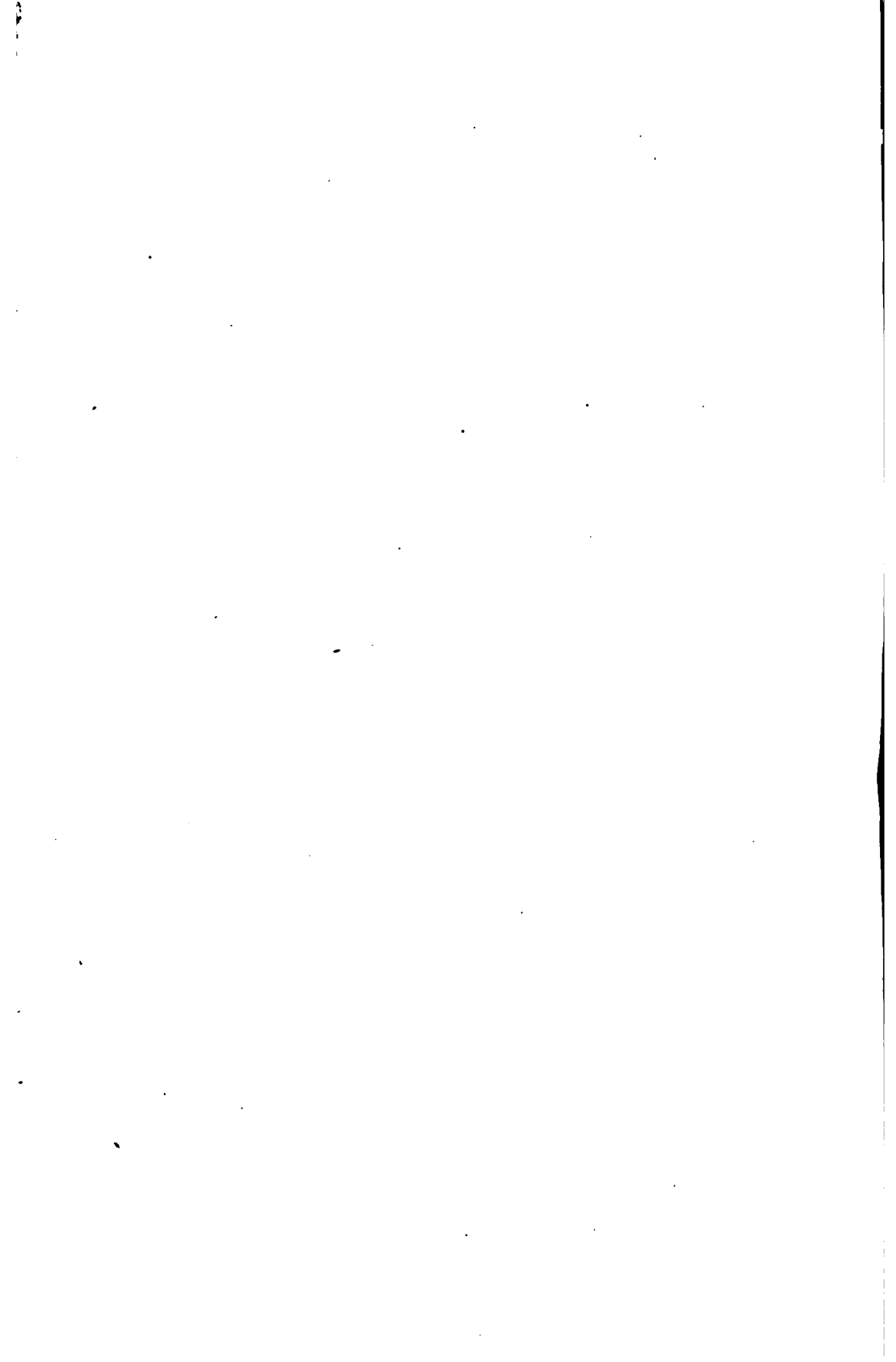
SOON after editing in 1876 the "Journal of a Tour to Niagara Falls," I found among some family papers this Diary by the same author. I am glad to draw it from the undisturbed obscurity of sixty years, and to record my sense of the interest and value of such writings by putting it in a form which ensures its preservation.

Mr. Timothy Williams (H. U. 1784), who accompanied my grandfather on this journey as well as on the former one, was his contemporary in college and afterwards his most intimate friend. Such was their intimacy that, it is said, one was seldom seen without the other. Mr. Williams was a well-known merchant of Boston, and a very intelligent, genial, and estimable man. He died in 1846.

I have altered the spelling in the Diary to conform to modern usage, and have occasionally inserted a word in brackets. The numbers in the margin are copied from the manuscript, and give the distance from place to place.

A. L.

Boston, March 8, 1880.





DIARY.

ON Monday the third day of July, 1815, at eight o'clock, A.M., Messrs. Williams and Bigelow left Boston in the Providence stage-coach. 21 Dined at Polly's in Wrentham,—a good house. We had a travelling companion, a manufacturer belonging to Attleboro', returning from Portland, who informed us that, coming into Boston from sea yesterday, he saw Commodore Bainbridge and his squadron under weigh [way] for the Mediterranean, and that the "*Independence*" *sailed* well.*

* On Sunday last, the United States squadron, lately equipped in this harbor, sailed for the Mediterranean, composed of the *Independence*, 74, Capt. Crane, bearing the broad pendant of Com. Bainbridge; *Erie*, 18, Capt. Ridgeley; *Chippewa*, 16, L't.-Com. Reid; and *Lynx*, 7, L't. Dukehart.

Commodore Bainbridge's squadron was seen 24 hours out, having had a fine run. The commodore communicated a note to a friend, by the pilot, in which he says he was perfectly satisfied with the trim and sailing of the *Independence*. — From the "Columbian Centinel" of July 5th and 8th, 1815.

20 To Providence. Chapotin's (ordinary). On Seekonk plain, a smart thunder-shower. Learned that the lightning struck in Providence, and killed a horse, &c. Mr. Scott, well-informed, civil, and communicative; Mr. Colman, brother of Chapotin, very attentive. Providence is considerably enlarged since we last saw [it], and improved in the quality and style of building. It exhibits many marks of prosperity.

30 Tuesday, July 4th. To Newport by packet, Captain Gardner; many passengers. Captain Taylor, late of the United States Navy, was one. He was in the same ship with Commodore Perry at the battle on Lake Erie, and was left in the command of the ship when Perry left her. He seems to have been dismissed the service; perhaps for being federal. Our passage was uncommonly pleasant; wind and tide were favorable, and we were but four or five hours from Providence to Newport. Dined at Daws's (a servant, formerly Mr. Lyman's, attended us). Mr. Milliken, of Frankfort, a Democratic Representative in Massachusetts General Court, was there. He has a cargo of lumber, which he is trying to sell.

The streets are dressed with flags and other decorations; the inhabitants, with many people from neighboring towns, in their best. Admired

the fine complexion of the females, but noticed a particular Rhode Island air and manner in the walk and deportment. All, male and female, walk in the middle of the street. It is attended with less inconvenience than might be supposed, for we saw not a single pair of wheels in motion while we were in Newport.

Afternoon to South Kingston. The ferry to 8
Connonicut, three miles; across that island, one mile; and the ferry thence to the Narragansett shore at South Kingston, three miles more; and to Gardner's house one mile. Among our fellow-passengers over the ferries, &c., were Governor Brown and an old slave ship-master, eighty-two years old; has become very poor, but says he should be glad now to go a voyage to Africa for slaves!

Wednesday, July 5th. Hired our host Gardner to carry us in his coach to New London. To 15
General Stanton's in Charlestown to breakfast (passing the Pettaquamscot, Saucatucket, Taugwunk Hill, &c., &c.). To Perkins's, in Groton, to dine, 22
— a miserable house. The only agreeable thing we met with was civil manners. In this stage, we passed the farm which Mr. Babcock sold for the money with which he made his fortune, — for fifteen dollars per acre, — would now bring forty-

five; also Christopher Champlain's great farm, having on it the largest barn in Rhode Island, — though it is not very large; and also the house where Mr. Babcock was born, in Westerly. The Mystic River divides Stonington from Groton.

- 7 Afternoon, to New London. The ferry is well attended, and the passage expeditious. The Thames is a fine river for one so small; the water is fourteen fathoms deep. In the late war, the frigates blockaded by the British were eleven miles above New London. We here took a small, handsome coach and pair, with a driver, for New Haven. Our stay in New London was but half an hour, as we saw nothing particularly interesting in the place, except the forts Trumbull and Griswold on the opposite shores of New London and Groton.

- 20 To Seabrook [Saybrook]. The ferry over the Connecticut is very badly attended and managed. The river is about half a mile wide, the depth thirty-five feet. Though the tide set strongly up, the water was not salt. The river passes into the Sound between two distinct capes, without forming a bay, as is more common at the mouths of rivers. On the westerly cape is a light-house. We saw the Connecticut River with the same kind of sensations that one has in meeting an old friend in a strange place. The ferry had detained us an hour,

after which we proceeded to Pratt's, an excellent 24
house, to sleep.

Thursday, July 6th. To New Haven. Ten 34
miles short of New Haven, one of our axletrees
broke ; and we hired a Mr. Rodgers to take us to
that city in a one-horse wagon. Our driver is a
singular character. Says he was left an orphan at
fourteen, which has made him headstrong ; has a
great real estate, horses, &c., a store in North Caro-
lina, &c., but works out some on hire. Has been
in all the States but the Eastern and Georgia.
Butler's, at New Haven, is an excellent house.
Hitherto our tour has been prosperous. From
Boston, the weather was warm, but the wind was
ahead ; had but one fellow-passenger ; the wind
and weather to Newport very fine, allowing us a
charming view of the surrounding country. Saw
Newport in its best ; found immediately the man
to carry us to New London ; were just in time all
the way ; and, even when our axle broke, Rodgers
rode up within ten minutes, and engaged to take
us to New Haven to dine, which he did.

Friday, July 7th. Judge Baldwin called on us,
and conducted us to the new meeting-houses and
Gothic church. Saw in the burying-ground the
graves of Whalley and Dixwell, two of King
Charles's judges. To the College and mineralogi-

cal apartments. Professor Silliman very attentive and communicative. The collection of minerals, fossils, &c., is very splendid, doubtless the best in America : principally from Colonel Gibbs. In the afternoon to the East Rock, composed of granite at the surface and of sandstone under that. Saw Mr. Whitney's wonderful gun manufactory.* His machinery, with which every operation is performed, is so accurate that any article belonging to any one of his muskets will equally well fit any other of them. Saw also his famous machine for cleaning cotton ; so useful that without [it], we were informed from the best authority, cotton could not be cultivated in the Southern States. He first conceived the idea while private tutor in the family of General Greene in Georgia.†

* In a communication to the "Boston Daily Advertiser" of Feb. 16, 1880, headed "Our Great Inventors," is the following remark: "It will thus be seen that this system [the uniformity system] forms an epoch in mechanic arts,—the greatest probably since the introduction of steam power,—and it becomes important to know *when, where, and by whom* did this system originate." For information on this subject the reader is referred to a very interesting memoir of Eli Whitney, published in the "Am. Jour. of Science and Arts" for January, 1832, which leaves no doubt that he was the originator of the "uniformity system." His first contract under this system was made with the government, Jan. 14, 1798, for ten thousand stand of arms. He established his works at the foot of East Rock, within two miles of New Haven. — Ed.

† Mr. Whitney's grandfather and Mr. Baldwin's grandmother [were] brother and sister. Mrs. Baldwin was a Sherman, and her mother was a Prescott, of the Concord family.

Saturday, July 8th. Left New Haven at six A.M., 75 and in nine and a quarter hours arrived at New York in the steamboat "Fulton." For a time we had thick weather and rain, but at length it cleared off, and we had a fine view of the Sound with its islands, bays, and neighboring shores. In the Narrows and through Hell Gate, we made head almost directly against the wind, which was fresh, passing every thing under sail going the same way. Our accommodations were excellent. There were, perhaps, from sixty to one hundred passengers: among them, Messrs. Hillhouse, Dagget, and Theodore Dwight; Mr. Gill and family moving to Philadelphia; Mr. McCracken, out of health, going to Europe; Gibbons and Sam Bell! Miss Ralston, of Philadelphia, returning from a visit to her friends in Middletown,—a pleasant young lady.

Sunday, July 9th. Mr. Williams went with Mr. Remsen to Flushing on Long Island. Mr. Olmsby, a clerk of Mr. Remsen, attended Mr. Bigelow to the Reformed Dutch Church, Mr. Matthews's, in the morning; and to Dr. Romayn's in the afternoon. Mr. Matthews gave us a very sensible discourse; Dr. Romayn prayed very ably, but he had an assistant who preached.

Monday, July 10th. Rode out on Manhattan (Manhatus) or New York Island five or six miles

north, and returned by the East River road. We saw several handsome country-seats, but found the country in general rough, and not so well cultivated as we expected. Our hackman was from Portland. We are at the Washington Hotel, kept by McIntyre. The bar attendant was from Boston. The company too large, and composed too much of decayed officers and dissipated young men. We saw here, however, Mr. Cunningham, a planter, seventy-two years old, who has lived thirty-eight years in Charleston; General Morris, a planter; and young Rutledge, who graduated at Cambridge. Messrs. Dagget and Remsen spent the evening with us. This morning, Isaac Gouverneur, a young gentleman of good connections and of property, died of the wound he received on Saturday last in a duel with one Maxwell, a lawyer, who was a boarder in our house, but who left it yesterday. The quarrel arose on the evening of the fourth of July, concerning two girls of ill fame! Both young men are well spoken of, but it is said that Gouverneur was haughty and obstinate. His mother, a widow, is almost distracted at his loss. The Corporation are incensed, and seem determined to punish Maxwell and the seconds.

Tuesday, July 11th. Ascended to the cupola of the City Hall, a noble building of marble, for

the accommodation of courts, and city officers. We had a commanding view of the city and its environs. The extent seems much greater than in traversing the streets. To Paulus Hook in the 1 steam-ferry boat; the accommodations admirable; passed in ten minutes. Took the stage-coach to 9 Newark, crossing the Hackensack, a marsh five miles over, and the Passaic. Both rivers have drawbridges. Saw a large number of people encamped on the marshes in the manner of soldiers, who were employed in diking the vast marshes bounding on the Hackensack. On some marsh land on the Passaic, diked about four years since, we saw the heaviest English grass we had seen this year.

Gifford's, at Newark, is a good house. The town is pleasant, well laid out, and, though small, has the air of a city! Took a private carriage for 19 Morristown. Land generally hard and cold, but pretty well cultivated. A greater proportion of it is in tillage than in New England. It is said that their good crops are all owing to plaster or lime. Some quince-trees here are of the size of apple-trees. Pass through Springfield, recross the Passaic at Chatham. Hayden's, in Morristown, is a good house, clean and commodious. Our stage-driver is Johnson, from Newburyport.

14 Wednesday, July 12th. After dining, to Black River, so called, though there is no river near. The legal name of the town is Chester. Mr. Keen, grandson of —— late surveyor-general of Pennsylvania, travelled with us, bound to Tyoga Point, &c., — an intelligent man. Drake's, in Chester, is a good house, but not yet finished.

44 Thursday, July 13th. To Easton, by the way of Hacketstown, where is a mineral spring, at Schooley's Mountain, so called. The water is chalybeate. We dined at another Drake's, at Mansfield. Crossed the Muskonetkong and Pohatkong Rivers. Saw the teasle growing wild. At Easton, crossed the Delaware into Pennsylvania. We were not a little surprised to find the river so small, apparently not larger than the Concord, the Nashua, or the Charles at Watertown below the bridge, in Massachusetts. Just above Easton, the river in some remote age has forced its way through a mountain, the corresponding cliffs of which now remaining, afford evidence of the fact, though the width of a river at a great depth below the contiguous precipices is very small. A little below the village, the Lehigh joins the Delaware: it has about half as much water. Mount Jefferson has a precipice to the northwest and west nearly two hundred feet high and nearly perpendicular. A

man and a boy have lately fallen from it and been destroyed.

Easton is a handsome village, growing, built chiefly of stone. White's tavern is a good house; and we observed in the neighboring country vast quantities of excellent wheat, rye, barley, flax, &c., and good orchards, except that the peach orchards appear to be declining, and in some instances have been entirely cut down. Mr. Sitznams and Mr. Ross live in this place. We here parted with Mr. Keen, who takes the stage to Wilkesbarre, Tyoga, &c.; showed us a remarkable fowling-piece, made to take to pieces so as to be carried in a small bag.

Friday, July 14th. Took the stage for Philadel- 60
phia. For the first fourteen miles, the country was very hilly and rough; it afterwards subsides. We had views during the whole journey, almost perpetually, of extensive fields of wheat, rye, buck-wheat, oats, corn, flax, &c. The wheat especially was very abundant and very fine. The tall Virginia corn began to appear soon after leaving Easton, occasionally intermixed with our New England kind of corn. The houses and barns in Pennsylvania are chiefly built of stone, and a great part of the people through this day's journey speak the German language. Six out of nine passengers in our stage-coach spoke or understood German.

A woman passenger was born at Pfaltz near Mannheim and Mainz on the Rhine. After a fatiguing journey in a sultry day, we arrived in the evening at the Mansion House, so called, a good house kept by Renshaw.

Saturday, July 15th. Mr. Meredith attended us to the library, and then politely sent his son to show us Peale's Museum, the Hospital, &c. We were gratified to observe on a pedestal in front of the Hospital a fine bronze statue of William Penn. Of Dr. Franklin, the busts, pictures, and prints were everywhere to be seen. We this morning visited the seventy-four gun-ship "Franklin" on the stocks, attended by Lieutenant Morgan. She is a well-built ship, has less timber and more breadth of beam than the "Independence," and is expected to carry her lower ports from four to five feet above the water. Afternoon, crossed the Schuylkill by the middle bridge, and rode up to the Falls, where we saw several manufactories, &c. ; took tea at one of the houses of resort for Philadelphians at the Falls on the east side, and returned by the turn-pike to the city.

We this morning saw Colonel Perkins, of Boston, who put in requisition his friends Meredith and Vaughan to take care of us, and went [left] himself for Boston. This evening found at our

house Generals Cushing and Boyd, Judge Brackenridge, &c., &c.

Sunday, July 16th. Attended the Unitarian meeting with Mr. Vaughan in the morning. Mr. Eddoes, a layman, preached very well. Dined at Mr. Vaughan's, where we met Messrs. Huger and Frost of South Carolina, Dunbar of the Natchez, who are all attending the medical lectures, and Horatio Bigelow, who has opened a broker's office here. In the afternoon, attended the German Lutheran Church, and heard Mr. Myers. He preached a very good sermon, perhaps *too* liberal. The congregation and service were neat, orderly, and proper. After service, crossed the Schuylkill, and rode to Judge Peters's with Mr. Vaughan. The Judge calls himself seventy-two years old; appears to be in a green old age, but is said to be a little dull of late, because his youngest and last daughter is about to be married. We delivered him a letter from Mr. Pickering. He expressed his affectionate regards for Mr. P—— in a very feeling manner. Judge Peters's house commands a view of a part of the Schuylkill and of the city. We saw in his grounds the *Bignonia radicans*, which will run one hundred feet. It grows wild in Virginia, and has a beautiful red flower, of which the humming-birds are very fond. Saw also a large

pecan-nut-tree; it somewhat resembles the black-walnut-tree, but has never borne fruit. The black-walnut and tulip trees grow here very common, from two to three feet [and] over. The Judge showed a well-grown Spanish chestnut-tree, of which he related the following anecdote. General Washington, being at his house, said to him, "I have three Spanish chestnuts in my pocket. You shall have one, if you will plant it." Judge Peters replied, "I will dig the hole, if you will put the nut in it." It was done accordingly. The Judge has a boxwood-tree twenty-five or thirty feet high. He says that foreigners as well as others say it is the tallest they ever saw.

The city of Philadelphia is supplied with water principally from the Schuylkill, the water from which is raised by steam to the amount of five hundred thousand gallons per day. It is first received by a cistern near the banks of the Schuylkill, containing fifteen hundred thousand gallons, from whence it is distributed to the city through pipes made of white oak, not inserted into each other, but the junction is by iron terminations of six inches long in each log. Judge Peters spoke of Governor Strong with great respect. We had the best view of Philadelphia from the deck of the "Franklin." There is no considerable elevation

of ground in the city, and but *two* steeples! There are also two shot-towers, one square and one circular, which, except one of the steeples, are the most striking objects in a general view of the city. The greatness of the city is most effectually perceived by the perpetual recurrence of long, well-built, and fully peopled streets, very much resembling each other. The inhabitants estimate their population, including the Liberties, &c., at one hundred and thirty thousand. New York numbers one hundred thousand.

Monday, July 17th. Took the steamboat for 30 Trenton at quarter past seven, A.M. Our accommodations on board were very good. Stopped to land and receive passengers at Burlington, Bristol, and Bordentown on our passage. At Trenton, passed the brook [Assanpink], made memorable as the barrier which saved General Washington and his little army from destruction by Cornwallis the night before Washington's victory at Princeton.

At Trenton, took a stage-coach for Brunswick. 28 Passed through Princeton. The college is large, of stone; has three cross-entries. It is said that the institution is not as respectable as under the former president. We saw also a new large brick building at Brunswick which we were told was a college. We found the road this day execrable,

though a turnpike, — although the country is level most of the way. Such a road would not be tolerated in New England. We found Brunswick a more considerable place than we expected. The Raritan is navigable three or four miles above the town. There is a handsome toll-bridge over it, raised on nine arches. Our accommodations at Degraw's were decent. Our stage-driver from Trenton was a Meriam from Mason, New Hampshire.

Tuesday, July 18th. Embarked on board the steamboat about a mile below the bridge, there not being depth of water sufficient to allow a nearer approach to Brunswick. We found the water of the Raritan the *dirtiest* we ever saw, fouled with a reddish clay, the prevailing soil of the contiguous country. The river winds very much in extensive marshes. To the right we pass the mouths of Lawrence's Creek and South River ; on the left, at the headland [?] stands Willetstown, commonly called Washington. Passing out into Raritan Bay, the water becomes clear ; but we soon bend off to the left into Staten Island Sound, and pass several miles between that island and the Jersey shore. See the mouths of Rahway River and Elizabethtown Creek to the left, and open into Newark Bay at its south-western corner. This bay extends

from Staten Island to the mouths of the Hackensack and Passaic, say from six to ten miles. We coast the Staten Island shore, and enter the "Kills" so called, a narrow Bosphorus opening into New York Bay; passing into which, we have to the right a view of Sandy Hook and the ocean, and to the left, to which we now turn, of New York and the neighboring islands, fortifications, &c.¹ We arrived in New York at one o'clock, having made our passage from Brunswick in seven 40 hours, though some of the time against wind and tide. At Mrs. Marselens's, Mechanics' Hall, a better house than Washington Hall, but the servants are not good. Saw here Mr. Hare, of Philadelphia, — whom we had seen at New Haven, — Mr. Wiggin, &c. Counted twelve hundred and thirty-six widows in the New York Directory.

Wednesday, July 19th. With Mr. Remsen crossed the East River to Brooklyn, on Long Island, a handsome village with paved streets. Took a hackney-coach to Flatbush, Gravesend Bay (memorable for Washington's defeat, August 26th, 1776), where the British troops landed, and to Bath in New Utrecht, to breakfast. We returned by the seashore, commanding a noble view of New

¹ Staten Island is Richmond County. Long Island has King's, Queen's, and Suffolk.

York Bay, Navesink, beyond Sandy Hook, the Narrows, Staten Island, New York and Jersey shore, through immense plantations of melons, squashes, cucumbers, raspberries, &c., &c., over the mill-dam to Brooklyn again. Apricots, cherries, and other fruit-trees grow on the cliffs down almost to the water's edge. Reached New York at twelve.

Thursday, July 20th. At eight o'clock, A.M., embarked on board the steamboat "Firefly," with about fifty passengers. Mr. Remsen came on board to find us acquaintance, and introduced us to Mr. Lydig, a very intelligent and gentlemanly man. Found also on board Mr. Potter, a respectable planter of South Carolina, and his family, — he was much delighted with the beauties of the Hudson, — Mrs. Phillips and her daughter; Mr. Law and daughter, of Philadelphia; Messrs. Howards, of Baltimore; and Mr. Street, a lawyer of Poughkeepsie. The river for many miles from New York is between one and two miles wide. Passed Hamilton's monument, a white marble obelisk, erected on the spot where he fell. Fort Washington is on Manhattan Island. Fort Lee is nearly opposite on the Jersey shore. Spuyten Duyvel Creek is the water which divides Manhattan Island from the mainland of Westchester. Tappan Sea is an enlargement of the river to perhaps four miles

wide for twelve or fourteen miles in length. On the east is Tarrytown, where André was taken. A large tulip-tree under which he was when taken, it is said, was shivered to pieces by lightning the day on which Arnold died. André's grave is in an open field in Tappan, with nothing to mark it but a small tree near it, about two miles west of the river.

Pass the mouth of Croton Bay, by which the river of that name communicates with the Hudson, and then Teller's Point, which divides Tappan Sea from Haverstraw Bay, which is another enlargement of the river, about as wide but quite as long as Tappan Sea. Before we came to Tappan Sea, we passed a continued high cliff to the left, which, after an interruption of about twelve miles, was resumed,—from four hundred to six hundred feet high,—composed chiefly of perpendicular stone near the top, said by some to be basaltic, though this is doubted by others, who think it granite. Sandstone is found under this. Pass between Stony and Verplanck Points, made memorable in the Revolutionary War, and enter that tract of country called the Highlands. The mountains here are from one thousand to twelve hundred feet high, and rise directly from the water. St. Anthony's Nose is a promontory on the right, having a fancied resemblance in shape to the human nose. At

Breakneck Hill also, where the Highlands end, is a striking conformation of rock, resembling a human profile. We here open into Newburgh Bay, where the river becomes wider and the contiguous country subsides. To the south-west is to be seen, at the distance of twenty or thirty miles, Skunnemunk Mountains. Between those and Butter Hill, which makes the northern extremity of the Highlands on the western, as Breakneck Hill does on the eastern, side of the river, is a valley running almost the whole way from the Hudson to Newark Bay, from which the water actually flows both ways; that is, north-east to the Hudson, and, with a small interval between, south-west to Newark Bay by the Passaic, through which valley it is thought that the Hudson at some remote period made its way to the ocean, but by what convulsion of nature it afterwards forced its way through the Highlands, which are generally much more elevated ground, cannot be known.

We parted with Lydig at his famous waterworks at Buttermilk Falls. The water there falls a great distance down the side of almost perpendicular rock directly into the river. He told us that Gantzhook is Goose Point; Kinderhook, Children's Point; Manhatten, Manhatus; Spuyten Duyvel, in spite of the Devil, because a Dutchman said he would

[swim ?] across there in spite of the Devil, but was drowned. Pass Windsor and Newburgh to the left, and Fishkill Landing to the right. The town of Fishkill is five miles from the river, but the Landing is a pleasant place, and said to contain very pleasant society. We dined and took tea on deck under an awning. The full moon rising in the evening over the mountains, scattering her beams on the water, and rendering visible the surrounding majestic scenery, produced a romantic effect. This was particularly observable in Miss Phillips, who was so enchanted as to wish to continue on board all night. At about ten o'clock, we reached Pough- 80 keepsie. We found it well laid out and built, — the principal streets paved, — containing a population of thirty-five hundred. At Forbes's Tavern, a good house, found Mr. Ed. Tilghman, of Philadelphia, with his wife and daughter, and Mrs. Hare and a son (Powell) and daughter, on their way to the Springs, but waiting for their carriage, which was on the way up the river in a packet boat, and was [would be] four or five days in reaching Poughkeepsie.

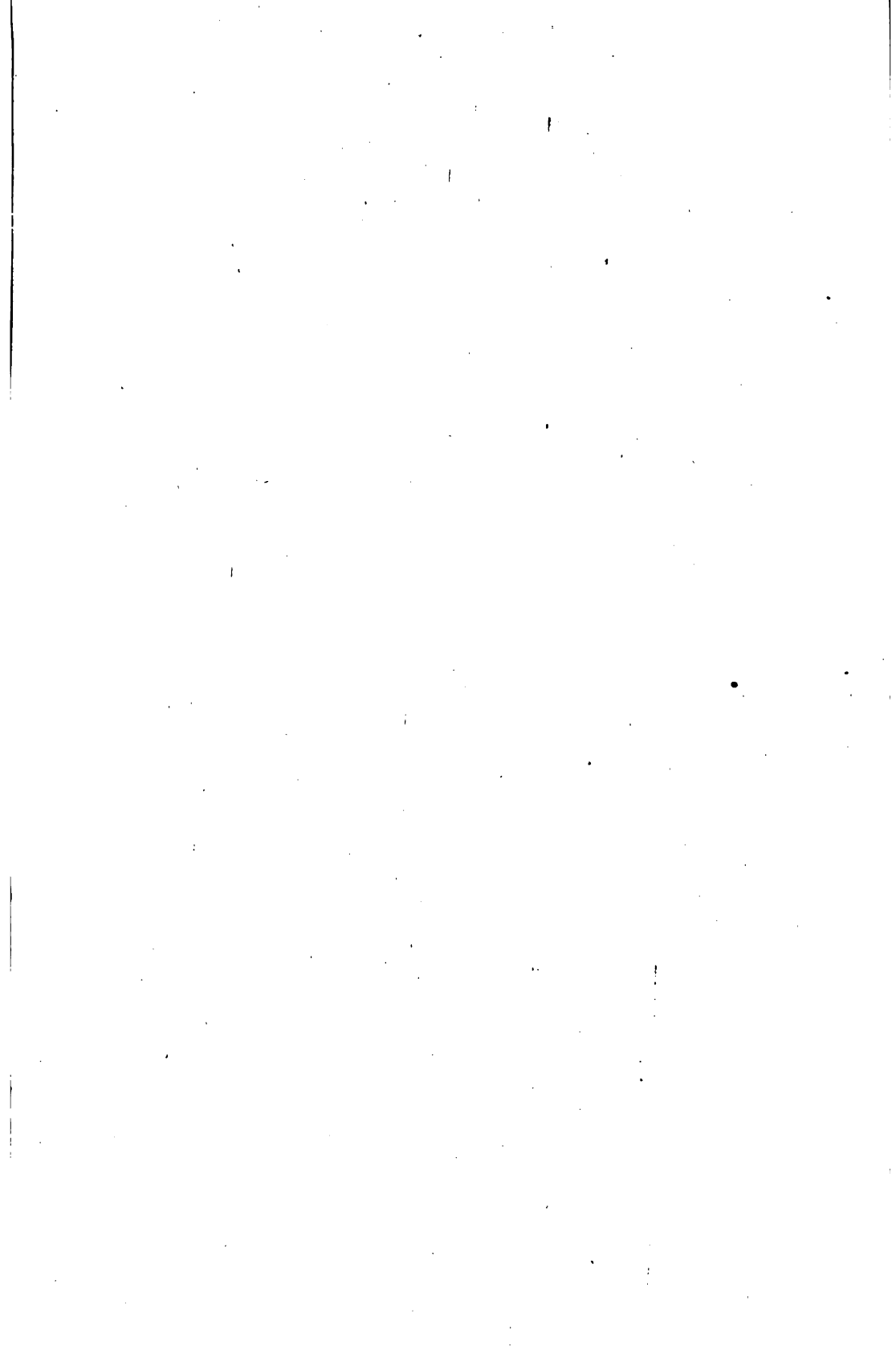
Friday, July 21st. Spent this day, which was very sultry, in Poughkeepsie, as did Messrs. Tilghman, Potter, and Law, with their families, Mrs. and Miss Phillips, Mrs. Hare and children, &c.

Mrs. Tilghman, Mrs. Howard (wife of the hero of that name, and [of the] father of our fellow-travellers), and Mrs. Phillips, were sisters, daughters of Benjamin Chew, late chief-justice of Pennsylvania.

Saturday, July 22d. At four o'clock A.M., embarked on board the steamboat "Car of Neptune." Found on board near one hundred passengers. We thought this boat as to accommodations, machinery, and velocity, inferior to any we had been in, yet we made way at the rate of seven or eight miles per hour. At Esopus, so called, which is Kingston on the west shore (which was burnt by the British troops in the Revolutionary War), took in a Mr. Huych, of Dutch descent, who told us that he once owned all the land which now makes the city of Hudson. It was then a part of Claverack, or Cloverleaf, so called from a fancied resemblance of the cliffs on the shore to a leaf of clover. Dutchess County to our right is now considered very productive both in grain and grass, a quality entirely owing to the use of plaster, for before that it was uncommonly [sterile]. On the eastern shore, for a great length of way, we pass many elegant gentlemen's seats, most of which belong to the Livingston family. One in particular belonged to General Montgomery, whose widow, a sister of

Chancellor Livingston, still resides there. Hudson is a city ; stands on a point which makes from the eastern shore, at the head of ship navigation, and contains five thousand inhabitants, but is said to be rather on the decline. Opposite to it is Athens, — a small, pleasant village. As we approach Albany, the river becomes shoaler, and is obstructed by islands. The *Overslaugh*, so called, is a bar across the river about a mile below Albany, where vessels often get aground. We had landed and received passengers at most of the considerable places on the river, and reached Albany at half-past four P.M. 83 Took lodgings at Caldwell's with Messrs. Reed and Lane from Boston, who had been fellow-travellers for several days. Took leave of Mrs. Phillips and daughter at the hotel. They leave town for Saratoga to-morrow. Albany has doubled its size since we saw it in 1805.

Sunday, July 23d. Took a Dutch wagon for Lebanon. Dined at New Store village, at the house of our old acquaintance, Jonathan Hoag, who died three years since. The house is now kept by his son, and is decent. To Hull's, at Leba- 28 non Springs. Found Mr. Smith, the famous traveller, from Carolina, with his family ; Mr. Van Buren, Democratic Attorney-General of New York, and some others.







3 2044 038 419 867



